

And left upon that corpse the foul impress
Of all its guilt and sin and ghastliness:
So horrible the shock, and awful spell,
That breaks to sinner and to infidel,
The vision and eternity of Hell!
There Arnold stood, astonished and amazed,
His pale lips quivering and his eye-balls glazed—
Down on his heart, that bolt of terrors came,
And he crouched to the very earth with shame.
Rinaldo, Bertha and her Friedenfeld,
Drearily the gloominess of death beheld.
Revolted feelings make the heart turn sick,
When accusations come so foul and thick.
Gherardo with a calm and even mien,
Alone remained untroubled and serene;
As eagles oft their balanced wings extend,
Above the clouds, which stormy tempests rend.
This truth indeed the traitor Arnold told:
How Caspar grown by desperation bold,
Because the Baron never could be won,
To sanction Bertha's union with his son;
Resolved another dreadful deed to do,
And fix that crime upon the robbers too.
But the dread secret to Rinaldo known,
The traitor had not courage to disown.

And now, the morning's saffron light arose
On the last Franenbrunnen's sad repose:
When thus the brave Rinaldo spoke again,
And writhed the supple traitor's heart with pain,
"Arnold, this contract and this ring restore
To Bertha—Go, and never meet us more.
A brave man would not slay a coward loon